

SWASHBUCKLING THRILLS WITH PATCH-EYE HOOKER INSIDE!

BUSTER 7d

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY 17th FEBRUARY, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; España Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120

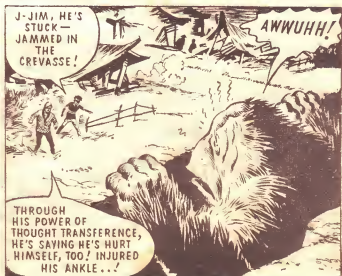
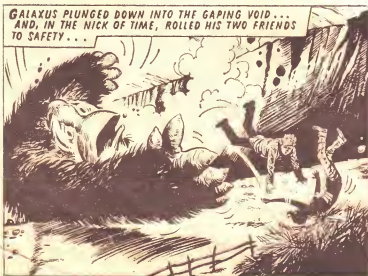


IN HIS HASTE, GALAXUS FAILED TO SEE A GAPING VOID CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE!

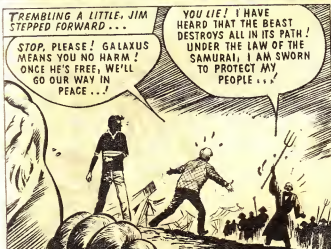
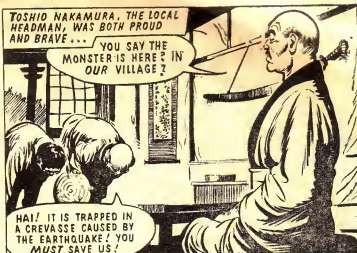
GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth, and although he meant no-one any harm he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he was fleeing to the mountains west of Tokyo, when suddenly there was a tremendous earth tremor . . .



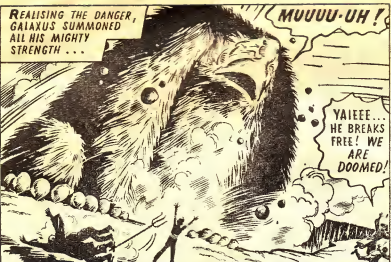
ARMED WITH A PITCHFORK, THE HEADMAN LED THE ADVANCE ON THE SPACE-CREATURE!



JIM LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO A FLYING TACKLE, DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS FRIEND...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

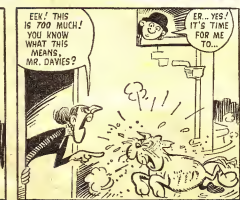
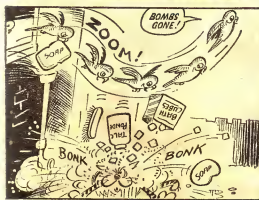
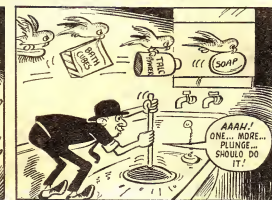
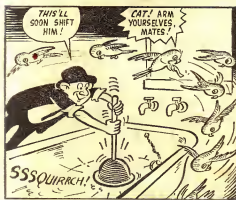
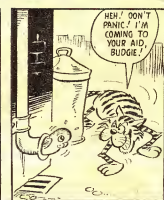
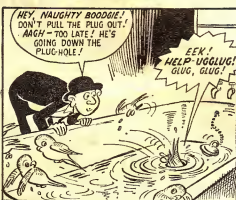
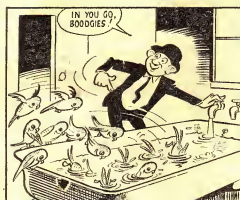
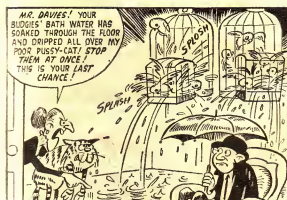


WILL TOSHIO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT? THIS DRAMA-CHARGED STORY CONTINUES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

PLENTY OF LAUGHS ON TAP WHEN IT'S BATH TIME FOR THE BUDGIES!



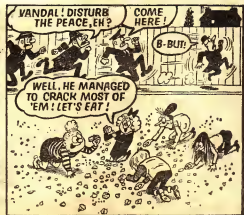
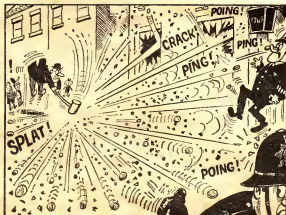
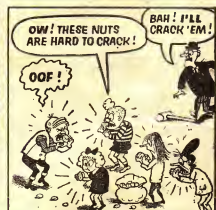
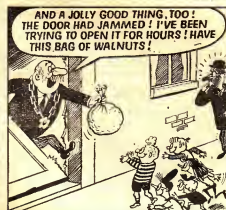
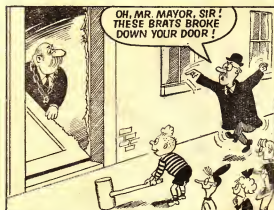
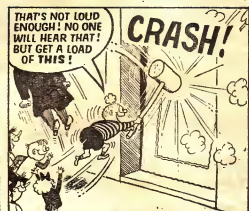
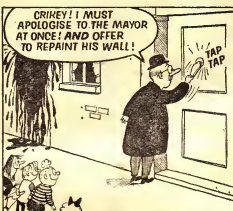
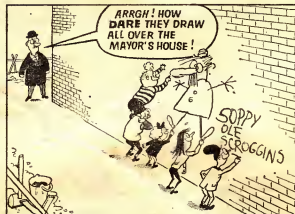
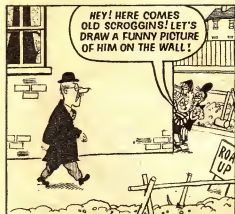
FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



NO REST FOR FREDDY NEXT WEEK... THE BUDGIES CATCH HIM NAPPING!

THE WILD BUNCH

LITTLE PET DODGER DEBBIE JOKER TWISTER



Hi, mates!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB



Club time again, chums, and as usual there are prizewinning birth dates to check, more members to meet, and letters that win cash awards. But enough from me—let's start this week's fun!

Your pal, BUSTER.

From you to me...

Each letter printed wins a cash award, members, so if you haven't written to me—and even if you have—get busy! I like to get letters—you write 'em and I'll try to print 'em!

I recently heard from a Warrington member, J. Keery. He enclosed a photo of his younger brother (aged one) and explained: "He is a keen fan of your comic—he likes it so much he eats it!" It's nice to see youngsters developing good taste in literature!

Bristol member Steven Butt writes to tell me how much he too, enjoys Buster. "Buster is well worth sevenpence for all the fun and thrills it contains. Keep up the good work!" Thank you, Steven, we certainly will.

DO YOU KNOW THESE CLUB MEMBERS?



Stretford member Stephen Crawford, aged 11, likes tennis, swimming and reading BUSTER and GIGGLE!



Meet Nigel Gale, 12, of Leicester. His hobbies include collecting model cars and stamps. He also enjoys football.

PRIZES FOR BIRTH DATES

15th April, 1955
20th December, 1956
18th August, 1957

1st October, 1958
22nd July, 1959
6th February, 1960

WANT to win one of the super prizes shown here? If the exact day, month and year of your birth is printed above February—you can choose any one of these awards: Pocket Knife, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Disguise Outfit.

Write your choice on a postcard, with your full name, address and date of birth. Now win your prize by solving this simple puzzle:

BRIAR HACK HIGH PRANK

Just change one letter in each of the above words to find four boys' Christian names. List them on your postcard and mark it "DATES" in the top left corner (address side). Post to reach the Club by Thursday, 22nd February. (Overseas members have until 13th June, 1968.)

Remember, you must not send in again if you have already received a Birth Date Award.



★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

OUT NOW! Two great all-action stories of men at war—in vivid pictures throughout!

TEETH OF BATTLE (No. 105)

Untried and untested, they were made to learn the bitter craft of war in the most savage battleground of all!



SNIPER! (No. 106)

He was tired, too battle-weary to lead on. But for the sake of his platoon, he was determined to force himself till he dropped...



FLEETWAY Libraries: prices apply to UK only

LION PICTURE LIBRARY

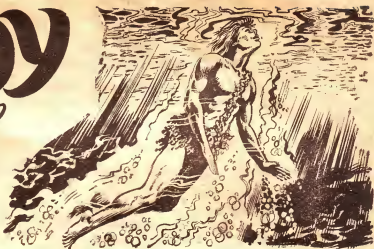
From newsagents and booksellers everywhere!

FISHBOY SLEPT ON, UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT ONLY YARDS AWAY!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to obtain his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Colombo, in Ceylon, he stowed away on a cargo ship bound for England...



FISHBOY PLACED A LIGHTED CANDLE NEAR WHAT HE THOUGHT WERE ORDINARY BOXES...



THE SHIP SAILED, AND COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE DANGER HE WAS IN, FISHBOY SLEPT SOUNDLY...



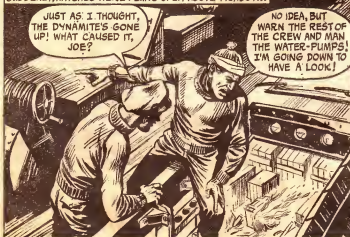
THEN, AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN...



SEA WATER POURED THROUGH A JAGGED HOLE IN THE HULL...



SUDDENLY, HATCHES WERE FLUNG OPEN ABOVE FISHBOY...



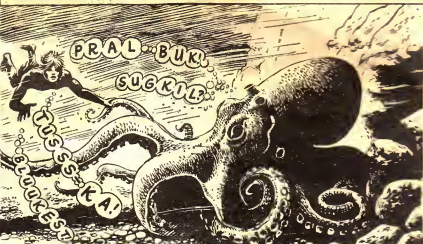
THE SAILOR STARTED THE STEEP DESCENT...AND THEN SLIPPED!



SWIFTLY, HE DIED DEER...



FISHBOY'S STRANGE, BUBBLING CALL ECHOED THROUGH THE WATER, AND SECONDS LATER...



REMARKABLY, THE OCTOPUS UNDERSTOOD...AND THE COMPANIONS STREAKED BACK TO THE SHIP...



GENTLY, THE INJURED MAN WAS HOISTED TO SAFETY...



FISHBOY WORKED FRANTICALLY, AND THE GAPING HOLE WAS PLUGGED...



INCH BY INCH, HE HEAVED THE INJURED SAILOR UP TOWARDS THE DECK...



FRIGHTENED BY THEIR ANGRY VOICES, FISHBOY RAN...



HASTILY, THE SAILOR FIRED, BUT PANIC SPOILT HIS AIM...



WILL FISHBOY PLUNGE TO HIS DOOM? BE SURE TO READ NEXT MONDAY'S EXCITING CONTINUATION!

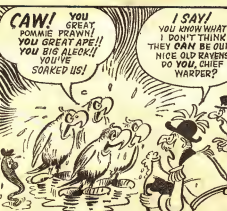
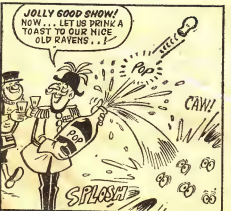
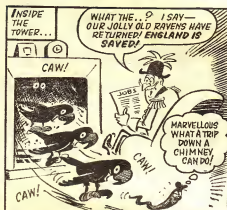
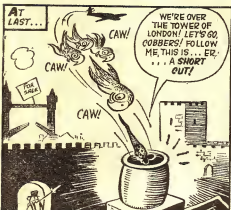
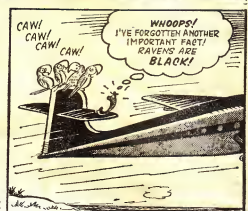
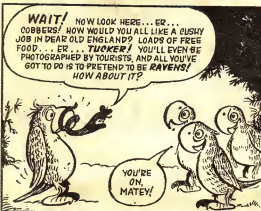
WONDER WORM TURNS UP DOWN UNDER — IN SEARCH OF ENGLAND'S LOST RAVENS!



THE RAVENS FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON HAD FLOWN AWAY AFTER BEING GIVEN A FRIGHT BY WONDER WORM. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ENGLAND NOW FACED DISASTER . . .



MEANWHILE, COMING UP IN AUSTRALIA . . .



IT'S A CASE OF TRY, TRY AGAIN — AND OUR HERO CERTAINLY HAS A TRYING TIME NEXT WEEK!

FOR ONCE, CHARLIE WAS INNOCENT - BUT COULD HE PROVE IT?

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



It was early 1968. The day was chilly, so Charlie Peace stoked up the stove in his secret hide-out... the cellar beneath the same shabby dockland house he had used almost a hundred years earlier. A time-machine had transported the arch-thief of Victorian times to another era!

A FORKED BRANCH INTERESTED THE MASTER-CROOK...



"H'M! I NEED SOME ELASTIC NOW! I KNOW - ME RUBBER BELT! SOME STRING WILL KEEP ME TROUSERS UP MEANWHILE!"

HE TRIMMED DOWN THE BELT TO SIZE, AND SOON...

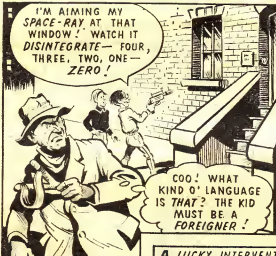


THOSE NEW-FANGLED STREET LIGHTS MAKE THINGS TOO BRIGHT FOR A BURGLAR! THIS CATAPULT WILL SHOOT 'EM OUT! HUR, HUR, HUR!

CHARLIE VENTURED OUT BEFORE IT WAS DARK...



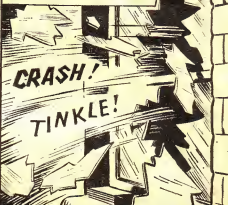
"I'LL PICK THE CRIB I'M GOIN' TO BURGLE. THEN I'LL CRACK THE STREET-LIGHTS NEAR IT, SO THEY WON'T COME ON..."



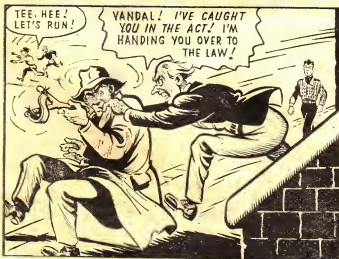
"I'M AIMING MY SPACE-RAY AT THAT WINDOW! WATCH IT DISINTEGRATE - FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE - ZERO!"

COO! WHAT KIND O' LANGUAGE IS THAT? THE KID MUST BE A FOREIGNER!

THE 'SPACE-GUN' PELLET HIT THE WINDOW SQUARELY...



CRASH!
TINKLE!



TEE, HEE! LET'S RUN!

VANDAL! I'VE CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT! I'M HANDING YOU OVER TO THE LAW!

A LUCKY INTERVENTION CAME, AND CHARLIE MADE THE MOST OF IT!

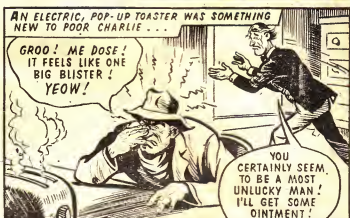
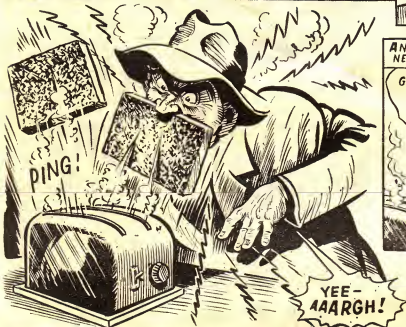
LEAVE HIM BE, SIR! THOSE KIDS SMASHED YOUR WINDOW! I SAW THEM!

OH...!



I'M JUST A POOR DOWN-AN'-OUT, GUV! I WAS 'OPING TO SELL THIS CATAPULT I'VE MADE FOR THE PRICE OF A STALE CRUST!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF -





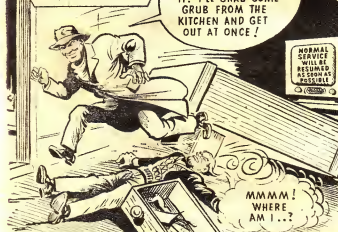
THE TELEVISION PICTURE SUDDENLY VANISHED AS CHARLIE NOTICED HIS DAZED BENEFACTOR...

WHAT A DUMP! LUCKY THAT BLOKE WITH THE GUN 'OPPED IT! I'LL GRAB SOME GRUB FROM THE KITCHEN AND GET OUT AT ONCE!

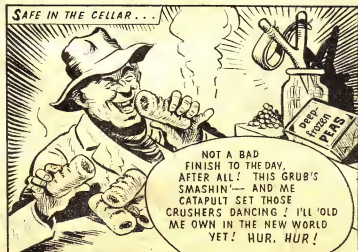
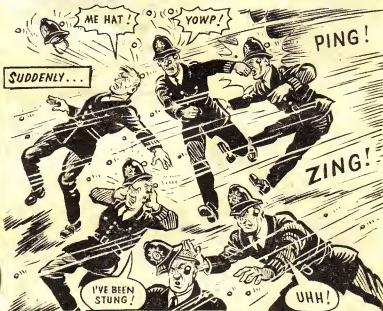
IN THE DARK KITCHEN...

AAH? A PLATE O' SAUSAGE ROLLS AN' A BOX O' NICE GARDEN PEAS! OKAY, CHARLIE BOY, OFF HOME WE GO!

NEAR HIS HIDE-OUT...

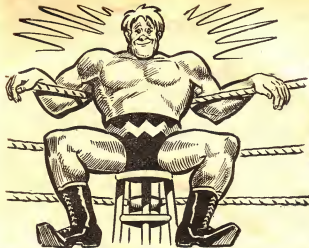


LATER, A PATROL OF DOCKLAND POLICE SET OUT FOR THEIR POSTS...



ANOTHER THRILLING EXPLOIT OF CHARLIE PEACE NEXT MONDAY! DON'T MISS IT!

LOCKED ARM IN ARM, NUTTY AND TONGA SET ABOUT TAKING ON ALL-COMERS!



NUTTY SLACK

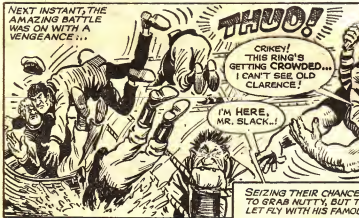
The GENTLE GRAPPLER

On their way to America, Natty Slack and his friend, Clarence Todworthy, were captured by the crew of the cargo ship "Tennessee Rose," who threatened to keelhaul Clarence unless Natty wrestled Chief Tonga, the champion of a rival ship. But Natty and Tonga refused to fight... so the crews of both ships swarmed to the attack!

PACKED INTO BELTS WORN BY NUTTY AND TONGA, WAS THE MONEY WHICH BOTH CREWS HAD WAGERED ON THE FIGHT...

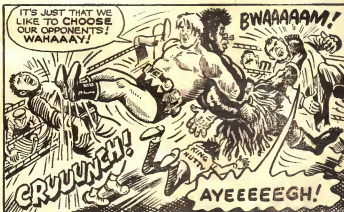


NEXT INSTANT, THE AMAZING BATTLE WAS ON WITH A VENGEANCE...



SEIZING THEIR CHANCE, TWO TOUGHS TRIED TO GRAB NUTTY, BUT THE WESTERN STAR LET FLY WITH HIS FAMOUS COAL-DUMP THROW...

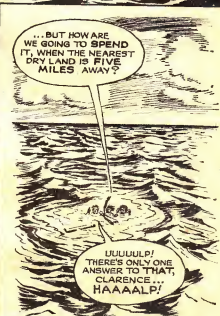
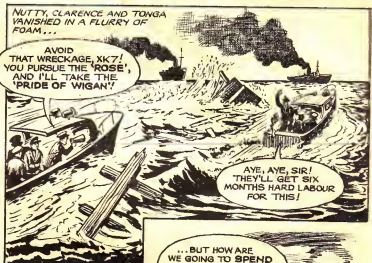
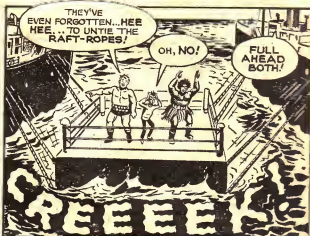
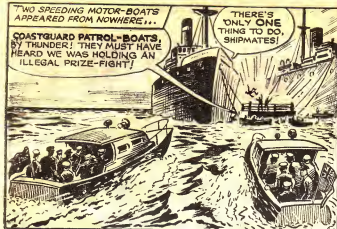
IT'S JUST THAT WE LIKE TO CHOOSE OUR OPPONENTS! WAHAAAY!



CAPTAIN GULLET, THE TREACHEROUS SKINNER WHO HAD FORCED NUTTY TO FIGHT, WAS SEETHING WITH RAGE...

OUT OF THE WAY, YE USELESS BLOKE-RATS! ALL I NEED IS ONE SHOT!



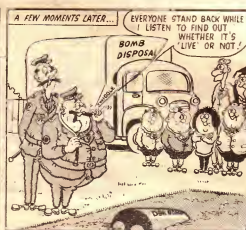
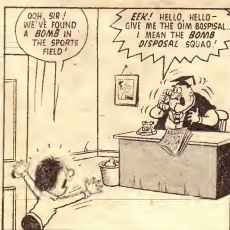
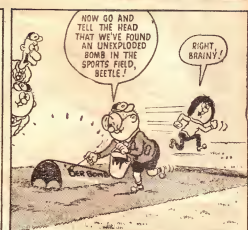
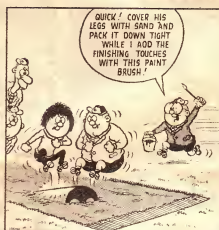
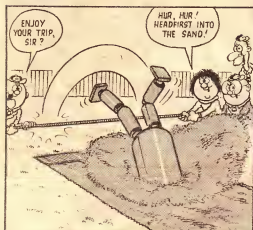
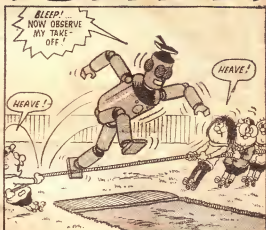
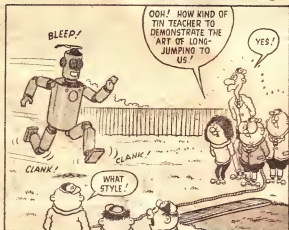


THE COMPANIONS ARE ALL AT SEA! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? READ ON NEXT WEEK!



T-T

TEACHER



THERE PROMISES TO BE AN EXPLOSIVE START TO NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE! DON'T MISS THE FUN!



It's an all-action life in the Royal Navy

Go for the life that's got action and adventure. Go for the Royal Navy.

There's nothing to match it.

You can go places other men only dream about. Maybe swim off Buenos Aires. Sail to Bermuda. Go bargain hunting in Singapore.

You'll take part in big naval exercises. Seek out subs. Fire missiles. Be ready to hunt pirates, protect shipping—or dash to the aid of civilians in distress.

Keen on sport? You'll get plenty. Swimming. Water-skiing. Playing for your ship's football team—or even in a boat group!

You can get yourself a good trade too. A trade in engineering or electronics that

lets you work on space-age equipment—like long-range radar; or as a Seaman operating advanced weapons—like guided missiles.

You can expect steady promotion—as fast as you can measure up to it. By his early twenties a good man can be earning well over £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance).

And you can go for a commission. Today, in the Royal Navy, one officer in three begins his career as a rating.

Get into action—now. Cut the coupon. You can join at 15.

Get out of the rut. Get into the Royal Navy

Royal Navy

Royal Naval Careers Service, (6945 M9), Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Please send me, entirely without obligation the free 52-page booklet 'The Royal Navy as a Career.'

Name

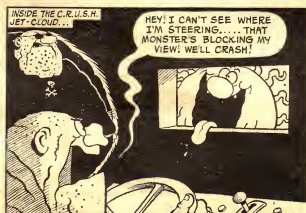
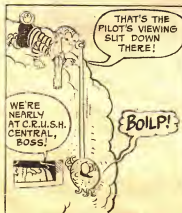
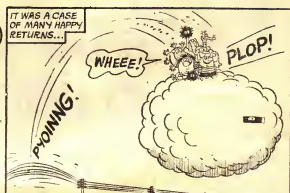
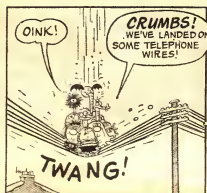
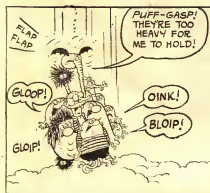
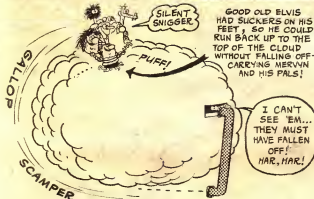
Address

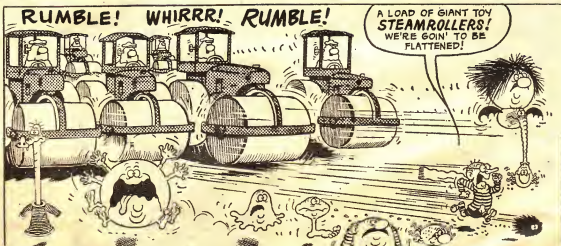
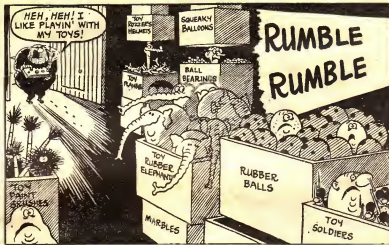
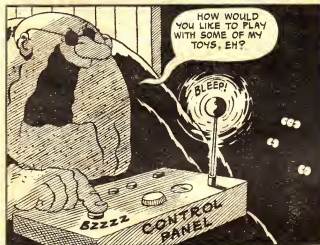
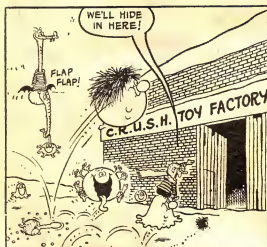
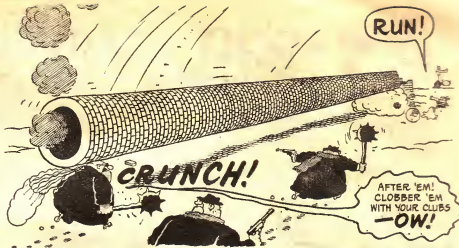
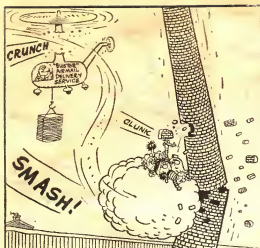
Date of birth

(Enquiries from U.K. residents only)

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), set out with his monsters to challenge Oscar Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). Both sides wanted possession of a phial of extra-powerful explosive...





MERVYN AND HIS PALS HAVE GOT TO BE ROLLING ALONG — FAST! FOLLOW THE FUN NEXT WEEK!

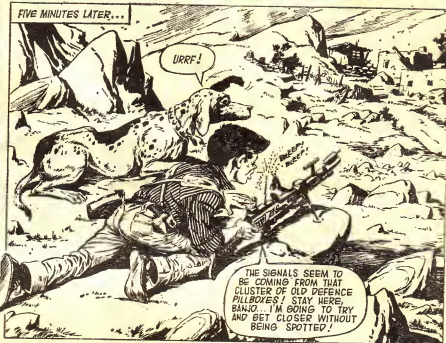


MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, which, when certain key words were uttered, became a real weapon. Micky's scientist father was kidnapped, and the boy followed the gang to an island. After a fight at sea, Micky tracked his father to a cavern, just as the spies were about to escape in a submarine...





THE KIDNAPPER'S STEALTHY APPROACH TOOK MICKY UTTERLY BY SURPRISE...

HOLD IT, NIPPER! I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T USE THIS ISLAND FOR A PLAYGROUND TODAY!



OH, MY GOSH...

BUT EVEN AS MICKY FROZE IN DISMAY, A BLACK-SPOTTED SHAPE CAME HURTLING FROM NOWHERE...

AAAARG!

AAARGH!

GOOD OLD BANJO! THANK THE STARS YOU FOLLOWED ME!



SNATCHING UP THE MAN'S FALLEN PISTOL, MICKY HURLED IT AWAY...

ALL RIGHT, MISTER. GET UP! YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME WHERE THE REST OF YOUR GANG IS HIDING... AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!



EH...?

AN INCREDULOUS GRIN SPREAD ACROSS THE FACE OF MICKY'S CAPTIVE...

STILL WANT TO PLAY, EH, KID? ALL RIGHT, THEN... IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I HAD A GAME OF COWBOYS AND INDIANS! HEH, HEH!



GOSH! HE, HE THINKS I'VE ONLY COME TO THE ISLAND FOR A GAME!

ARMS UPRaised, THE MAN LED THE WAY...

HEY, PARTNERS... YOU MAY AS WELL THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! THIS SHERIFF IS THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST!

HAN, HAN, HAN! GOOD OLD LARSEN...



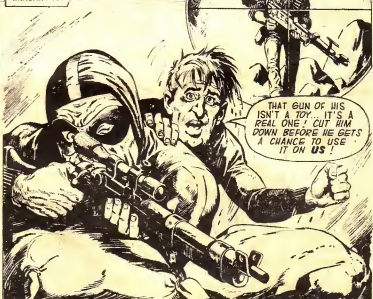
THEN...

YOU FOOLS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T LET THAT KID COME ANY CLOSER!



WHAT THE--? IT'S NUMBER FIVE!

THE GISPING, BEDRAGGLED NEWCOMER HAD SWUM ASHORE FROM ONE OF THE BOATS THAT MICKY MARVEL HAD SUNK EARLIER...



THAT GUN OF HIS ISN'T A TOY... IT'S A REAL ONE! CUT HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS A CHANCE TO USE IT ON US!

CAN NOTHING SAVE MICKY MARVEL NOW? MORE THRILLS NEXT MONDAY!

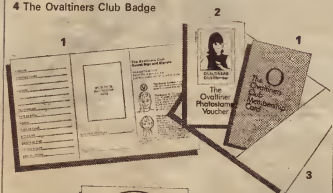


Join us in The New Ovaltiners Club

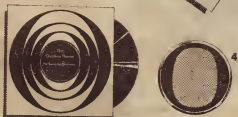
The Swinging Fun Club for Boys and Girls

LOOK! This is what you get for only 2/6d

- 1 The Ovaltiners Membership Card
- 2 'Photostamp' offer
- 3 The Ovaltiners Wallet
- 4 The Ovaltiners Club Badge



PLUS this great new 7" record, FREE to the first 10,000 members.



Pop, Sport, Travel, Adventure, Competitions and special offers . . . you'll find them all when you join this super new Club. Every member can wear the "O" badge, carry a personal identity card, use the secret code, sign and signal, and enjoy the terrific regular offers. Only Ovaltiners are privileged to buy these exclusive items, which are sold at less than shop cost. For example, when you join, you can get at a reduced price 'Photostamp' identity photographs.

How to join Fill in coupon enclosing a postal order for 2/6d, plus a label from any tin of Ovaltine, or a silver sealer from inside a tin of Ovaltine Nu-Choc Drinking Chocolate or six Ovaltine Crunch Bar wrappers. Within days you will receive The Ovaltiners Club Badge, Member's Wallet, Membership Card, details of the Ovaltiners 'photostamp' offer AND a super free E.P. disc recorded by top musicians. This record is only available to the first 10,000 members.

Ovaltine makes the scene

The Ovaltiners Club is organised by the makers of Ovaltine, the delicious 'any time' drink which tastes super hot or cold. Ovaltine also make Nu-Choc, a fabulous Drinking Chocolate, and Crunch Bar, a quality chocolate with a delicious taste. When you buy Ovaltine, Nu-Choc or Ovaltine Crunch Bars, keep the labels or wrappers—you will be able to use them to obtain more terrific offers.



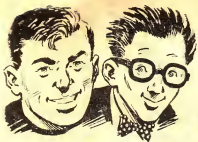
Fill in this coupon now and post it today
To: The Ovaltiners Club, 99 Park Lane, London W1.
 I wish to join The Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6d postal order, made out to "The Ovaltiners Club", plus a label or wrapper from an Ovaltine product.
 Please write in CAPITAL letters.

NAME _____
 FULL ADDRESS _____

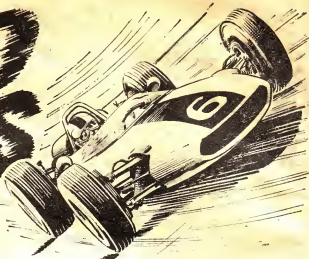
DATE OF BIRTH _____

READ THE SPECIAL OVALTINERS CLUB NEWS IN THIS PAPER EVERY FORTNIGHT

BRAINBOX RELIVED THE DRAMATIC STORY OF HIS ACCIDENT !



The SKID KIDS



Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox entered their new car for a forthcoming event at the Roseberry track. The day before the race a driver crashed, and Simon took him to hospital. Later, Brainbox was carried in on a stretcher...

IT WAS A GREAT SHOCK TO SIMON...



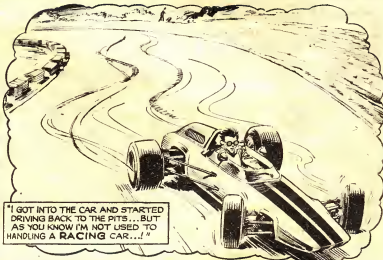
THE YOUNG RACE-ACE DIDN'T GO FAR...



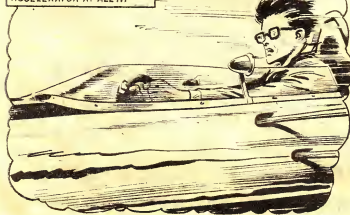
A LITTLE LATER...



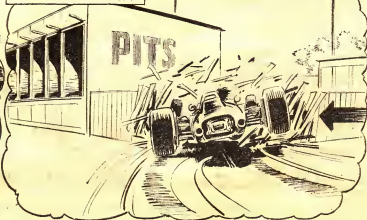
SIMON EXPECTED THE WORST, BUT...

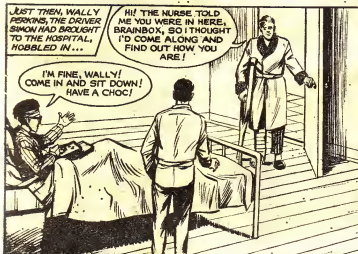
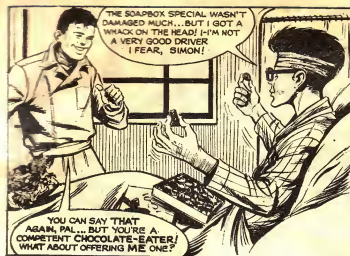


"SOMEHOW IT SEEMED TO GO FASTER AND FASTER... YET I HARDLY HAD MY FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR AT ALL..."



"THEN I DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO FIND THE BRAKE PEDAL... AND I CRASHED!"

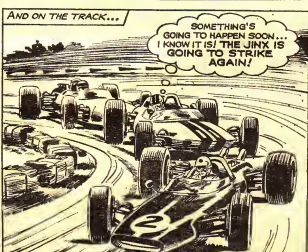
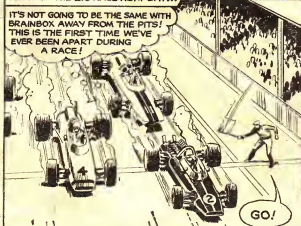




SIMON WENT HOME TO BED... BUT SLEEP WAS A LONG TIME COMING...



HOWEVER, THE UP-AND-COMING DRIVER WAS THERE FOR THE START OF THE BIG RACE NEXT DAY...



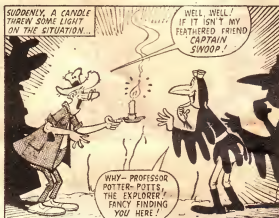
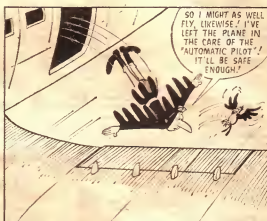
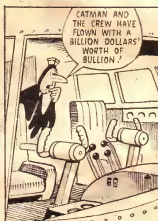
IS IT JUST SIMON'S IMAGINATION . . . OR WILL FATE GO AGAINST HIM? READ ON NEXT WEEK!



HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT

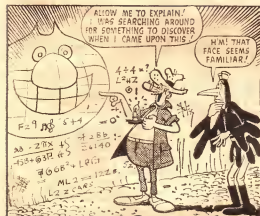


ACTUALLY, THIS
IS A JET- BUT
I'M UP HERE,
TOO!

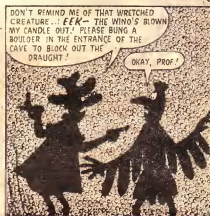


WELL, WELL!
IF IT ISN'T MY
FEATHERED FRIEND
CAPTAIN
SWOOP!

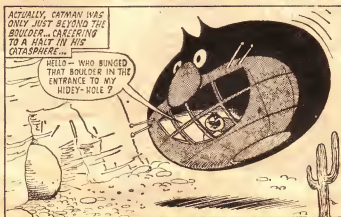
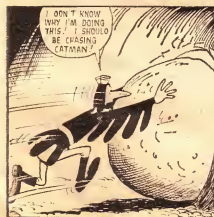
WHY—PROFESSOR
POTTER—POTTS,
THE EXPLORER?
FANCY FINDING
YOU HERE!



THEY
MAKE ME THINK
OF CATMA/
PROFESSOR.



OKAY. PROF.!



HELLO - WHO BUNGED
THAT BOULDER IN THE
ENTRANCE TO MY
HIDEY-HOLE ?

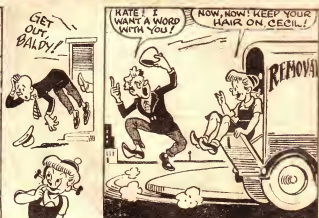
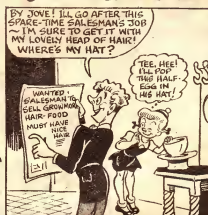


WILL CATMAN DISCOVER HIS ARCH-FOE? SEE NEXT MONDAY'S FUN-FILLED EPISODE!

THIS MISCHIEVOUS MISS SOON BRINGS THINGS TO A HEAD!



CALAMITY KATE



CAPTAIN SCARLET'S

SPECTRUM HANDBOOK

FAMOUS FOR CHILDREN'S SWEETS FOR OVER A CENTURY

FREE! this super **CAPTAIN SCARLET BOOK** from Barratt's Sweets

It's a super action packed book with 24 terrific pages of Captain Scarlet, your TV favourite! There's Spectrum, too, with their fantastic pursuit car, space ships and jet planes! And all the latest top secret information on the Mysterons! Just save the wrappers of 16d worth of any of your Barratt's favourites (including those below). Then fill in the coupon with your full name and address and send it to us, along with the wrappers and a 3d stamp - before March 15th! There are free books for the first 50,000 lucky children!

Captain Scarlet Sweet Cigarettes • Chocolate Nougat Super Fizzers • Sherbet Fountains • French Nougat Jolly Lollies • Fruit Chews • Hi-Bo Bubble Gum • Gold Flake Sweet Cigarettes • Any other Barratt's sweets.

SO HURRY! GET YOUR FREE COPY NOW!

I enclose 1/6d worth of wrappers of any Barratt's sweets and 3d stamp. Please send my Captain Scarlet book. (BLOCK CAPITALS)

NAME

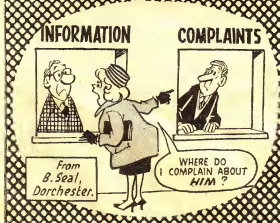
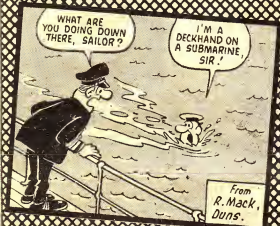
ADDRESS

POST TO: Barratt's, P.O. Box 136, Sunderland X, Co. Durham



THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A GRAND PRIZE! SEND IN A JOKE TODAY!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH



£16

TO BE WON EVERY WEEK

Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to:

BUSTER and GIGGLE, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

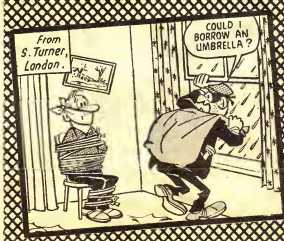
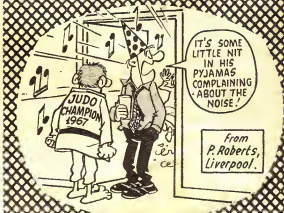
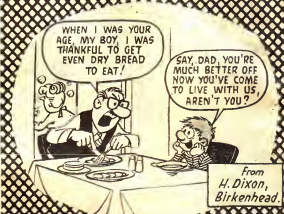
£2 WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH OF THE EIGHT JOKE PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1.
2.
3.

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.





PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER BOASTED THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE WHO EVER SAILED THE CARIBBEAN SEA. BETWEEN RAIDS ON TREASURE SHIPS, HE AND HIS MEN RESTED UP ON A SECRET ISLAND HIDE-OUT, AND A LAGOON GAVE SHELTER TO HIS SHIP, "FIREBRAND". IT SEEMED THE IDEAL PLACE UNTIL ONE DAY, THE ISLAND WAS BATTERED BY A HURRICANE WIND...



LOOK, CAP'N! FIREBRAND'S DRAGGING HER ANCHOR! SHE'LL BE SWEEPED ON TO THE REEF AND BATTERED TO PIECES! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

I HEAR YE, MISTER MATE. I LEAVE IT TO ME!

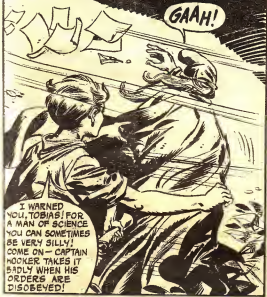
MOMENTS LATER, A PIRATE RUSHED UP TO THE CAVE SHARED BY CABIN BOY WILL BARBER AND OLD TOBIAS FLAGON, AN ECOCENTRIC ALCHEMIST...



ALL HANDS DOWN TO THE BEACH! CAP'N HOOKER'S ORDERS! FIREBRAND'S IN DANGER!

DROP EVERYTHING, TOBIAS! YOU KNOW THE CAP'N WON'T BE KEPT WAITING...!

SURE ENOUGH, A SPLIT-SECOND AFTER TOBIAS LAID HANDS ON THE SHEETS OF PAPER...



I WARNED YOU, TOBIAS! FOR A MAN OF SCIENCE YOU CAN SOMETIMES BE VERY SILLY! COME ON - CAPTAIN HOOKER TAKES IT BADLY WHEN HIS ORDERS ARE DISOBEYED!

BUT OUTSIDE THE CAVE... THE POWER OF THIS WIND! IT HAS THE FORCE OF A BATTERING RAM!



PHA... YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A WONDERFUL IDEA, YOUNG WILL!

BAH... WHERE ARE MY WRITING SHEETS? I MUST COMMIT MY THOUGHTS TO PAPER WITHOUT DELAY!



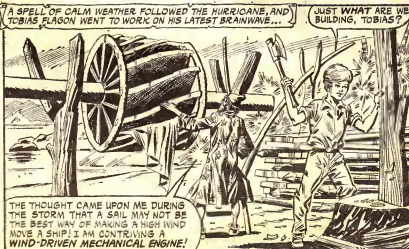
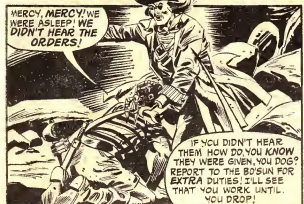
NOT NOW, TOBIAS! YOU CAN'T WRITE IN THIS WIND!

PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS DRIVING HIS MEN INTO ACTION TO SAVE THE FIREBRAND, BUT ONE WAS SLOW TO MOVE...



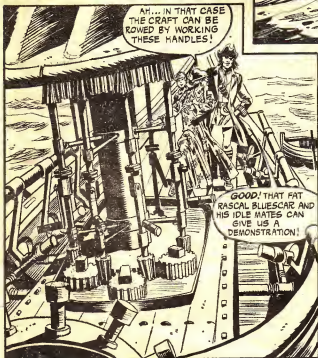
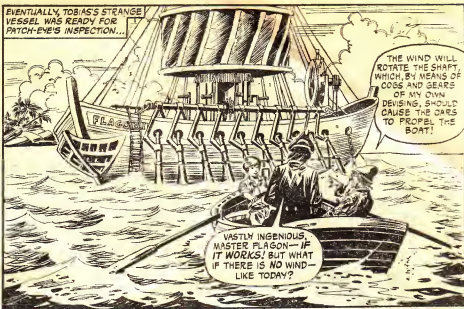
BY THE HELM, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, YOU BILGE-RAT AFRAID OF A LITTLE SALT WATER? HELP GET THE BOATS LAUNCHED! I'LL HAVE NO WORK-DODGERS IN MY CREW!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...





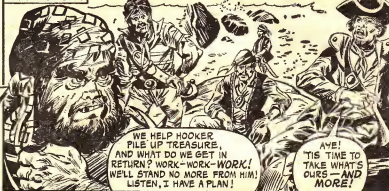
EVENTUALLY, TOBIAS'S STRANGE VESSEL WAS READY FOR PATCH-EYE'S INSPECTION...



SO BLUESCAR AND HIS ACCOLICES WERE PUT TO WORK...

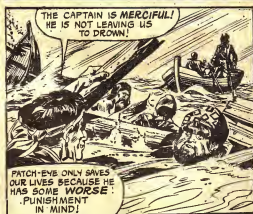


AT LAST, BLUESCAR AND HIS EXHAUSTED MATES WERE ALLOWED TO GIVE UP TRYING TO MOVE TOBIAS'S MASSIVE CRAFT. THEY TOTTERED ASHORE, FLUSHED WITH ANGER...



ON LEAVING THE CAVE, WILL DISCOVERED THAT ANOTHER HIGH WIND WAS SPRINGING UP...





DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SENSATIONAL STORY OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER — TERROR OF THE SEAS!

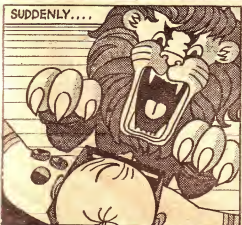
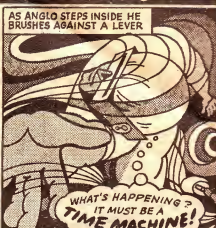
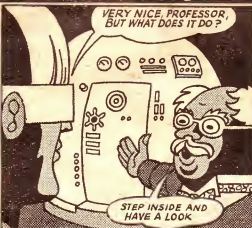
This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo

THE ADVENTURES OF

ANGLO ACE



ANGLO ACE IS VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND PROFESSOR GOBBLETOPP, THE INVENTOR.

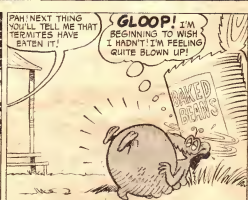
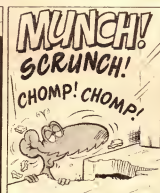
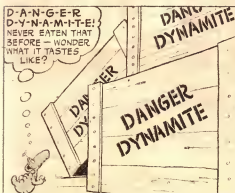
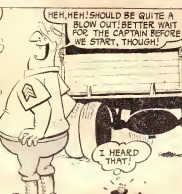
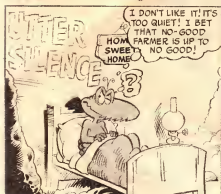


ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

CRUNCHER'S BANG ON FORM TODAY... HE EATS A STICK OF DYNAMITE!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



GET SET FOR MORE LAUGHS NEXT MONDAY! THE AIR FORCE LAYS A CONCRETE RUNWAY!

BUSTER CALLING, PALS! I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU...!

If you're a member of my BUSTER CLUB you can get yourself a whole heap of pleasure... and a reward... if you drop me a line and your letter is published.

What are you doing for your holidays? Have you any hobbies? Do you like animals? Choose your own interesting subject and write to me at the BUSTER CLUB ADDRESS... 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT



The Floating Assets.

N O man had failed so many troublemakers as Tom Arto. No-one in need called upon him in vain—they might call upon him in striped suits or in disguise, but never in vain. Despite all this, Tom remained modest. A grateful president had presented him with a new hat, but he never let it go to his head.

At this moment he was being telephoned by the King of Ejit. The king was very proud of his navy; he had several sailors who were hardly ever seasick except when they went on a boat.

The safety of the king's country depended on his navy, and he was worried. Every time he got a new fleet together it sank as soon as it put to sea. He had spread chewing gum over the bottom of each boat, but it made no difference.

The king got so tired of holes appearing in his ships that he wouldn't even allow leaks in his stew. He once went paddling with holes in his socks, with the result that he sank himself! It took five frogmen to dig him out of the ocean bed and put him into his own. They were hoping mad about it, too!

What caused his ships to sink? They were in good condition, and yet at sea holes appeared as if by magic. The king was getting short of sailors, too; most of them were fed up with getting wet, and had gone to work in the dry-cleaning business.



Also, all the officers that remained were two admirals and a rear-admiral. The latter stayed in his house at the back of town, and nobody could get nearer than that!

Some enemy was at work! That was plain, but how they managed it was a different matter. So the king rang up Tom Arto.

"Hello," he said.

"Same here," answered Tom politely.

"It's about my navy," said the king.

"Your grave?"

"Not grave. Navy. N for Nitwit. A for A—what did you say? V for Very well, how's yourself, and Y does it sink!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Tom.

"It's sunk!"

"Who's a chump?"

"My navy has sunk. It always does."

"You should speak to it about it," said Tom.

"When my fleet goes to sea, holes appear and water comes in," said the king.

"Why water?" queried Tom, starting a fresh line of enquiry.

"That's all there is to choose from!" rasped the king. "There's nothing else where my navy goes. Only water."

"Tell you what the trouble is," said Tom.

"There must be holes in your ships!"

"Of course there are!" came the reply.

"But where do the holes come from? That's what I want to know."

"There are hundreds of holes knocking about in the world," said Tom soothingly. "They've got to go somewhere!"

"They needn't all pick on my ships. There are plenty of tea strainers and sieves they can settle in without congregating in my navy. Some enemy is doing this!"

"Do you know an enemy with holes in?" queried Tom.

"I know one or two I'd like to put holes in!" retorted the king.

"How big were the holes that appeared in the ships?" inquired Tom.

"Some were size seven; others were six and seven eighths. I know that because my crown fell through one, but not the other!"

"I'll come at once," said Tom. "If you have any sample holes let me see a few."

Soon afterwards, Tom stood on the dock watching ships of the new fleet being launched. Crowds, headed by the king, stood and cheered. The navy sailed out—then sank!

"That," said the king, "is another navy gone west!"

"When will you be building another?" asked Tom.

"Tonight," replied the king. "Why?"

"I want to sail on the flagship," said Tom, throwing out his chest with defiance.

The next day another navy was launched. The king, acting on Tom's advice, had sent to Ireland for sailors, as he was running short.

"If you get men from Cork," Tom had said, "your ships may go down—but not your sailors. A Cork man will never sink. Take my advice and get a Cork's crew!"

It took time to explain to the king that a Cork's crew was not for drawing corks out, but to keep the ships afloat. At last he saw the sense of it. It was the first time he had ever seen sense and he was very pleased.

Next day, Tom sailed on the flagship of the new fleet.

He went below, and immediately spotted a man carrying a large sack.

Tom waited until the man went on deck and then he peeped into the sack.

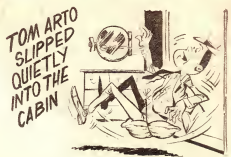
It was packed to the brim with holes! Tom had never seen so many holes in his life before. He realised what was wrong.

This man was taking the holes to the bottom of the ship and dropping them here and there. Immediately, the water rushed in causing the ship to sink!

It was a cunning plan—but Tom was determined to foil the villain.

That night, Tom slipped quietly into the plotters' cabin and slit the bottom of the bag with a penknife. This done, he took up position at the end of the corridor and settled himself to wait.

Midnight!
The low-down plotters crept into his cabin on all fours and took up his bag. His cabin door



opened and he stepped back into the corridor. "Little did he know he was under the watchful eye of Tom!"

The bag upon his shoulder, the villain tripped towards the spot where the special agent was in hiding.

He did not notice that his precious precision-cut holes were dropping out through the slit which Tom had cut in the bag. Soon he would have no holes left; they were strewn on the ground behind him. Silently he approached on tiptoe.

Tom stepped out suddenly.

"Boo!" he said.

The man lost his nerve and his wig and turned round to run back into his cabin, but he had reckoned without the holes which had dropped out of his bag.

He fell down through the first of these and landed in the brig on the deck below. There was no escape.

The new Ejit Navy was saved!
The plotters' headquarters were raided, and thousands of holes were discovered just lying around.

The king presented Tom with a parcel of holes. Tom took them home and handed them to his local golf course.

Once again, Tom had triumphed and rescued the navy from that sinking feeling!

(There's never a dull moment with Tom Arto around! Look out for another rib-tickling adventure very soon!)

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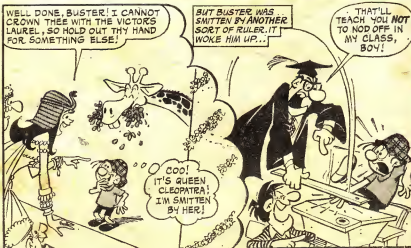
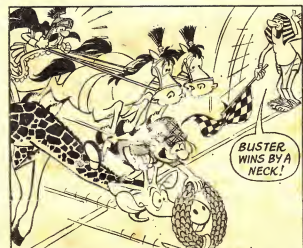
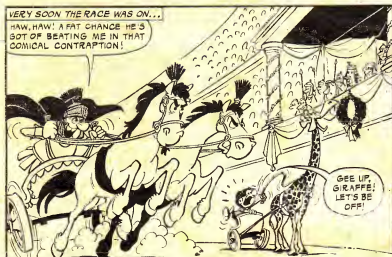
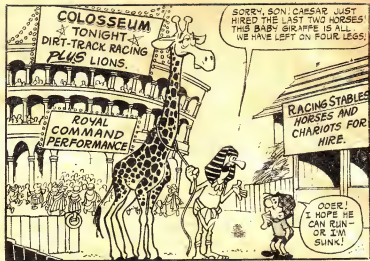
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